THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS. } CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1436.

Original Poetry.

THESE LOCKS OF HAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY LYDIA JANE HUNTER.

Three locks of hair of different sources shed
(And sorted by tasteful fingers), from my head—
Look how their rings of varied hue display
The changing shades of my life's changing way!
When thus they shone, like gold in sunny beams,
Beneath them smiled worlds of golden dreams.
I lived not till then that those tresses were
Rich casket on young maidens head to wear.

The shadow on this touching register tells
That I had tasted sorrow's bitter wells;
That stern experience with her truthful eye
Was marking Fancy's fleetwork words away.

This dark brown curl—it inherit of the years
Of Love and it pre-had agonies, and tears—
Of bliss which only woman's heart may feel,
Of pride, which woman never may reveal.
For which like sun or dew, to full bloom thrown
Dead leaves lie hard with like supreme power.

A darker shade of brown this ringlet wears,
And look! its stage betray the silvery leaves—
A proof that bitter tears were shed for me
Upon the pillow where my tresses slept.
That hope's all-glorious star paled ere it knew to rise,
Had sunsets into water turned.

Their treasure sought and highly prized before
Had lost the charm and beauty that they wore.

But 'tis their reflections perish from our heart,
As life's waves rushes from our shrinking form;
That blessed it feeble feel acquire that they are gone,
And wreaths of flowers entwine our o'er love's decay!
It cannot be so. Passion's fire may die,
And vows pass from memory's page,
And human messages lose the earthly stain,
And mortal's dust return to dust again—
But still one star shall Love—like rose, the poet's
Cannot be cast from memory's page.
I know it fresh there, pure, strong and true,
Firing it for its glad eye immortality!
Or vainly may the mightest seek to prune
That the gay shrub of Love no longer
For in their hearts and heart, the germs of youth
Are living and will bloom in beauty and truth.
Oh, power, heavy fair, then in the air
When precious memory had their sweets away!

The cover from the heart is not the least cost
That shrouded all the tender buds below;
Its birth-clothes of hope—for that world too pure,
And death-shroud of despair—for earth unsure.
Where all the purified are lost in Love.

Pictures of Life.

ARTHUR MURRAY; OR, A Visit to Some Plain People.

It is hardly fair to introduce the hero of our tale as belonging to the class of "Plain People," without at the same time giving a short whereabouts the announcement will please him in the matter, and thus relieve the fears of that with some who would not for worlds be classed under the same denomination—young ladies, for instance, who have a horror of it as soon as an unfortunate being, about to take a peep at life over the shoulder of a friend, or glance at his own shadow as it intrusively enters his own along the wall. Then, again, there are others who are not quite so fearful of the title better, and they will pronounce him one who deems himself perfectly free to say all that can be said and enjoyed, and much that cannot be said and enjoyed, under the aspect of candor, and to invite you to dine on a fashionable party, and then to abuse your entertaining regard; while happily there are some, who, not thinking too much of themselves, and therefore not over sensitive to the opinion of others, are ever ready to extend a welcome—without ostentation, mind—to the stranger, as well as to the sweet chieftain of life; and how far it is from the latter category to which we would have ranged up to our hearts, if some little attention to us given to the flowers.

It such be the idea at last conjured up, we need not fear to proceed on our introduction, though far from engaging that the present character will in any degree please all the people we have recalled, or even that such "plain people" exist at all; at the same time, it is to be inferred when first we knew Arthur Murray, and that is not very long ago—he was the last gentleman amongst our acquaintance that we should have thought of assigning the character, much more making it, and yet here he is, and there, and something in the manner in which he laid aside his dress coat, and selected of its stead a plain, loose coat, ready for injury from packing or use, which might lead us to fancy that such was his character, such as we have pictured it, strained even amidst his later acquirements.

In perfect accordance of the locality he was to visit, and the people he was to meet, befitted the intimation conveyed to the foregoing rather ambiguous phrase. Arthur was about to himself trying to draw an augury from the discourse of his companion, but came invariably repenting. "Plain people—if all the rest are like him," as he vainly endeavored to give an agreeable turn to the expression, certainly, or dogmatical opinion, following closely on the heels of each other, and always prefaced or concluded by a phrase which seemed to have attained the virtue of an axiom, in our short all discussion, whether of argument or opinion, "in a plain man, but that is my view;" all others being of course indirect and inconclusive, unworthy the attention of clear intellect and mind. And Arthur at last could hardly refrain from laughing at the solemnity with which was thus arbitrarily sipped in the bud, and as he ignorance or prejudice of his companion took the tone of aggression and asserted the triumph of rational candor over professional training and fervor.

He had not travelled many miles of his way when, half repenting of his undertaking, he ascried at last the neighborhood of the old plain man; by his side was a tyrant at home, and that even his own independence would be a doubtful matter while he ventured to remain: he was accordingly quite prepared to see the household still as none on his arrival, or ready to fly to the ends of the earth at the first sight of their master. He was rather agreeably surprised, therefore, to find himself received in a comfortable dwelling, where the furniture, well-used and well-kept, seemed moreal with the house, and the house itself with the trees that surrounded it, and the quaint garden in front; and to find its mistress aptly represending the whole. Neatness and comfort, absolutely reflected his ideas, and silenced all his misgivings by her fearless confidity towards himself, and her glad welcome to her husband.

All at once as it should be, thought Arthur; "The good man has been only showing off a little to bring down my conceit," and he laughed at the conceit himself, remembering that he had attempted to show off in the beginning; when his countenance were again upset by the entrance of a lady, whom Mr. Wilson at once introduced as his sister, adding the same time unnecessary information, "a regular old maid." Plain enough, again thought Arthur, though, for his own sake, as well as the lady's, he would just as soon it had not been so plainly expressed. He read at a glance that the individual in question included him in the annoyance such a remark was likely to inflict; but he also read in the silence with which it was received, and the indistinct expression which now seemed habitually to rest in features that once must have been pretty, that there was nothing unusual in the reproachment, and that the plainness of speech which had already so often disconcerted him said, had also perhaps, without intentional intention, in a sort, to the unfortunate lady, saved all the little illusions which might and have prolonged her attractions, or at least made the inevitable transition more easy.

And then came the children: but here Arthur was again at itself, as during the drive of the next day, when a down-pour of rain prevented his leaving the house, he had to endure their noise and romping, and to appreciate the advantages of "a plain education," as exhibited with pride by the father of the family. "I give them practical books, and train them, like myself, to look straight at their object, speaking of which, there is one to me, and I am sure you will agree with me, that there was nothing unusual in the appearance of the lady, whom we have just seen, and who

Miscellaneous.

THE PREACHER AND THE GAMBLER.

A Scene on Board a South-Western Steamer.

BY J. H. GREEN, R. G.

Persons of these two antagonistic pursuits of society are frequently thrown into intimate friendship and association, each other, especially while traveling on the steamers of the Southern and Western rivers.

Some years since, a number of gamblers, with two or three ladies, took passage in Memphis for the passenger on board of a steamboat bound from Cincinnati to New Orleans. The company on board was numerous; but as something unusual was extraordinary, from whatever cause, extra sensibility or otherwise, there was little or no gambling practiced by the passengers on the trip downward.

Several days had passed in this way, when a gambler, a wild, reckless, dare-devil sort of a character, began to take impatient of the tedium of the voyage, and anxious for a chance of making his passenger by victimizing some of the "green ones" in the friend. Going up to one of the clergymen—named so, (whom he was not known as one of that profession), a smooth-faced, good-looking, affable, youngish man; he stepped him on the back, and somewhat familiarly accosted him:

"Say, stranger! full smoke 'fluent, I reckon! Come, take a drink, and let's have a little life about us."

"Thank you, my friend, I'm a teetotaler, and never drink."

"O-h-l-y-p-r-e are, eh! Let's have a hand at cards, then?"

"There I'm again at fault. I don't know one card from another, and can't play."

"Scissors!—I never see the like! Here, young man, let me show you how."

"I'd rather not, sir, if you please."

"Why, stranger, you can't—you ain't got some little bit of derelict or 'notion' ? I'm sick an't pokin' 'round in this 'ere way. Wonder if we can't get some 'sass' to give us a preach? That used to ever there, with a white 'neckerchief, looks like one of 'them' gentlemen's duds. Say, you want him to give us a sermon? I'd like to hear one, myself."

"My friend, if I should preach, I should try to give you some conscience!"

"Then you are just the man for me. Git up here and gin us a sprinkling of brimstone; stir up these old ironsides on board, give 'em a call to hell, and come the campmeeting touch; well ye'l have's an old chap here, who's got a hymn-book, and I can play the fiddle, and I got capital 'rosum.' Lines are given out; and mind ye, neighbor, give us a pun ye gospel; know and strike out as loud as ye can, and make 'em think a peck of well-a-ways powder-mills are on board. We'll have a handful of thunder and lightnin', and a few sinners full of young earthquake. By the gracious Moses, we'll have a tickle of sperit—there won't leave!"

The gambler then helped the preacher to arrange for the sermon, borrow the hymn-book, and sit down with an expression of mock-earnestness in his countenance.

By this time a crowd had gathered round to witness the proceedings, wondering what would be the upshot of the business. The gambler had remarked his face, selected a hymn, and then lifted up his hands in the attitude of prayer. Waxing warmer and warmer as he proceeded, he appealed to God in the most spell-stirring and solemn manner; he solicited the Lord to be with the awful responsibility of his mission, or felt a fuller inspiration from on high to proclaim the words to come to sinners.

The gambler "enjoyed" under the general truth; yet uneasy as he was, he contrived to sit the sermon out; but he couldn't wait to participate in the closing hymn.

Shortly after all was over; and going up to the clergyman, he said:

"I say, friend, you are a preacher, sair you?"

"Yes, my friend, I have the honor to be an unworthy ambassador of my Lord and Master, to make the means of converting many souls to God."

"Well, I thought as much. But I tell you, never had the soul so knocked from under me before in my life. If you preach in any way, there won't be many of us gamblers left, I tell you. But I suppose it's all right; my good mother used to pray, and it's hard to help thinking of them. But you cut me all up in little pieces, and put my singing pipes out of time. I 'le' go!" My fathers to have that 'ere sickle put on another horse."

I suppose it is needless to say that the gambler required no further preaching on that passage—his own conduct, and that of his confederates, was such as to be matter of a conscientious rebuke on part of the clergyman and the passengers, while they pursued their voyage.—*Londoner.*

A STRANGE CASE—A FAMILY DERIVED AS TO THE IDENTITY OF SON AND BROTHER.

A very singular case has occurred in Bangor, Maine, which shows absolute and entire deception of a whole family, neighbors and rich all entire, as to the identity of a person after a few years absence. A young man, named Luther Hasse, 20 years of age, imposed himself upon the family of James Hasse, Esq., of Corrinna, by claiming to be the long lost son, and in that character obtained many thousand dollars. The case is of so much importance that the Bangor Whig of Monday last, for the most facts of interest we have abridged into the following section. The son of James Hasse was named Rowland, and he had been absent on a whaling voyage, three, some neighbors of Mr. Hasse say Luther Hasse in Bangor, and accosted him for Rowland. But the young man informed them of their mistake and avowed his real name. He did not believe him, and informed Mr. James Hasse that they had seen his son. Mr. Hasse went immediately to Bangor to find him, was successful in his search and left a neighbor and returned to bring him home. The latter found Luther, and on inviting him to go home, Luther accepted the invitation. Here he reached the home he addressed Mr. and Mrs. Hasse as father and mother. Mrs. Hasse had never certain of her, as the color of the eyes and hair of Luther was entirely different from that of her son. She retired to several years her son had. Luther showed a scar on his knee, one on his breast, one on his neck, and an enveloping, all of which Rowland had.

He remained at their house some five months, and the longer he stayed the more they were satisfied he was their son. He knew so much of the family that he believed him to be his son just as much as he believed his wife to be his wife. Many domestic circumstances were related by the young man, which they supposed could only have been known to their son, but which the reader has not room to derived from themselves, in the relation of family matters, and afterwards brought forward as confirmation of his identity. Several of the neighbors of Mr. Hasse took this young man to be Rowland Hasse. Among these, who had been acquainted with Rowland, talked with Luther about past times, and became convinced that he was Rowland Hasse. At last, a Mr. Dow came to Corrinna, saw Luther, and said he knew him. The young man, and he came was *Luther* Hasse, and no mistake, and that he belonged in Troy. Another person recognized as Luther Hasse, and that he had lived by his seventeen years. James Hasse soon began to doubt the fact of Luther's having being his son; and in order to settle the dispute existing in the family and the community, as to his identity, it was concluded to visit Troy. A Mr. Smith Hasse, of Troy, was summoned and appeared at the trial, and there recognized the prisoner as his son.

During the trial there was great excitement, and about four hundred persons were present, and apparently the mass of them in favor of Luther, believing him to be Rowland. The Justice sweated in the warrant. Upon the trial, the counsel of the prisoner contended that Hasse and his family had deserted the young man at the time of his deserting them—that when he was first seen in Bangor, he stated distinctly that his name was Luther Hasse—that they dragged him to Corrinna, and forced him to say that he was Rowland Hasse—that there was no pretence that he was any one else than Luther Hasse; and that James Hasse, if he had opened his eyes to the light several hours, must have known that he was Luther Hasse. The Judge charged very strongly against the prisoner. The Jury, after being out a very few minutes, came into Court with a verdict of guilty.

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SONG FOR AN AMERICAN EDITOR.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
My throne a simple chair;
I rule no other empire
Than strikes the genius there.
The home of free liberty my soul;
My country walk the sun.
The lightnings lift their flaming mount,
At duty's summons run.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
No monarchies wear the record
I wash my pen across the page,
And every word is free.
The steeds first on—the nations swerve;
Without, the tumult thunder;
Within, I bound the quiet thought
That changes all the under.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
The land severed not through;
Their earth shall be my sepulchre,
Their eyes forbid the Wrong.
From them I gather joy and sorrow,
And feel pain Error's curse,
My faith in Christ my hope on Jesus
He gave His Universe.

I'm of the Press! I'm of the Press!
My host enchanted types.
With them I quell the tyrant's knee
And rear the cone and cross.
I give my hand to all my race,
My heart to Freedom's soul;
I say my say and bend my knee
Alone, unto God's control.

THE LAST SUNDAY OF CHARLES II.

Macaulay gives this vivid sketch of the scene at Whitehall on the last Sunday of the life of Merry Monarch :—

"His palace had seldom presented a gayer or a more scandalous appearance than on the evening of Sunday, the 1st of February, 1685. Some grave persons who had been about the court for a long time, and to pay their duty to their sovereign, and who had supposed that, on such a day, his conduct would wear a decent aspect, were struck with astonishment and horror. The great gallery of Whitehall was filled with a throng of the creatures of the Tudors, was crowded with revellers and gamblers. The King and there chatting and laughing with three women, whose charms were the boast of the Tilt-yard and of Epsom, and whose names, Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, was there, no longer young, but still retaining much beauty, and all the unblushing effrontery of Cosa, which twenty years before overcame the virtue of Hyde, Duchess of Portsmouth, whose soft and infantine features were lighted up with the vivacity of France, Hortense Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, and sister of the great Cardinal, completed the group. She had been early removed from the court of Anne of Austria to the court where her uncle was supreme. His power was then at the height; and the youthful beauty of fourteen suitors round her. Charles himself, during his exile, had sought her hand in vain. No sister of nature of fortune appeared to be worthy to be her. Her face was beautiful with the rich beauty of the south, but melancholy, quick, and sometimes grateful, her rank exalted, her possessions immense, her influence unbounded; but she was without all those blessings into success. Nor had fame the misery of an ill assorted marriage intolerably, but she had no husband, no children, no home, no wealth, and, after having astonished Rome and Paris by her splendor, was living in a humble way in England. Her house was the favorite resort of the wittiest men and most profligate men of the town. Seated at a table, entered her frequent fits of loneliness and ill humor. Ratisbon and Godolphin were playing at piquet. Near them Lord Dorset and Sir Bartlin and Saint Evremond found in her drawing-room consolation for the hyena-laugh, and for down with an expression of mock-earnestness in his countenance.

By this time a crowd had gathered round to witness the proceedings, wondering what would be the upshot of the business. The gambler had remarked his face, selected a hymn, and then lifted up his hands in the attitude of prayer. Waxing warmer and warmer as he proceeded, he appealed to God in the most spell-stirring and solemn manner; he solicited the Lord to be with the awful responsibility of his mission, or felt a fuller inspiration from on high to proclaim the words to come to sinners.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed to the office of the Post, from No. 98 Chestnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the second story, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for this enchanting Post; as it will be our aim to continue to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think these need be no difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged page, as those who will make the trouble to compare it with the dull weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it combines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that the paper is just the sort of a *first class paper*, as on the economic and powers of the small expenses.

NOTICE.

Subscribers whose names have been changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it changed *to*.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Any Postmaster or others sending for a club, and receive a few extra copies, are not to be solicited when they can do so conveniently.

TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

As we are now out of the first two numbers of the Post (with the exception of a few copies), we can commence any subscription to with the clergyman, and of those who will be kind enough to begin at that time (Jan. 25), will receive a fortnight of containing the first two parts of "Merry Season, or the Events of Twenty-Four Hours," gratis.

WASHINGTON.

One of our contributors has a crotchet, which is perpetually exciting up to a certain point. Now we do not generally meddle with the crotchets of our neighbors, but even an editor has the rest of the world, at their production. For instance, we have a friend who is a man of natural motion, to square the circle, or anything else equally impossible—is to be esteemed a deliberate monomaniac, something worse. Our friend is not to be held accountable, and therefore we have no right to be annoyed or disgusted with his pamphlet.

But there are cases in which such crotchets and monomanias are not to be tolerated, because the difference is by no means the best policy. Such cases are, for instance, religious delusions—where the crotchety man imagines he has a special revelation to found a sect, and promulgate doctrines like the Mormons and "Spiritual wickedness," or the still more absurd and more unfortunate one of no sect at all. There are also occasionally political crotchets or delusions which it is the duty to rebut and not to smile at—and which even to party" lines like sectarian; but it is the duty of one neutrality to administer a gentle rebuke.

But the crotchet which it is our present business to deal with in a few words, may be called the "Washington Question." We are not aware, as yet, that it has been formally exploded, but we have no doubt that Washington was the Man for the Time of the Revolution, and that he was the only pilot capable of weathering the storm, as of (and) almost sole cause of his claim to the honor of being the "Father of his Country."

For whence was this common opinion derived? It is in no sense vulgar delusion, to ignorant here-worship. It did not take its rise among the "lower strata of a far distant past. The men of Washington's day—the intelligent and educated—are the greatest share; these who were in continual intercourse with him, and who knew him best, and through the false perspective of a high station—were so much impressed with his superiority as to be willing to acknowledge it. Their unanimity was the impression that he made upon his contemporaries; that unfathomable purity upon a fact higher than it, one more, no party could be found to maintain a candidate for the office, except a nomination, in opposition to Washington for the Presidency, even at his second term. Then it will be seen that the present popular opinion in relation to Washington, had its origin among the contemporaries; and it was the universal belief that a man's contemporaries are not those most likely to see his characteristics in its subtlest and most poetic light.

In looking over the Generals of the Revolution, we find no one, so far as human reason can judge, who would have been capable of conducting the contest to a successful termination. Gates, the Lees of Gratton, Southampton, and Northumberland, Greene of Rhode Island, Lafayette, the Duke of St. Albin's, son of Nassau Sieyes, and the Count of Rochambeau, were all eminent in military generalship, and withered his laurels; Greene was the only one who could have been put in competition with his commander, and Greene's character, while it had all the requisite qualities and lost balanced child (Monmouth) was an exhibition of the highest genius. Greene had not such an enterprise which stone so brightly at Trenton and Princeton, and especially at Yorktown, at the war. The truth is now beginning again to be universally exhibited by men of refinement and intellect, that Washington was not only great morally, but great intellectually, in the highest sense, but a great military commander. For a time there was a slight rebound from the revolutionary reflection of Washington's character, and even the latter educated portion of society; but a popular acquaintance of a more intimate and enlarged view of the difficulties of his position, and of the wonderful combinations of a colossal mind, has set all to rights. The advice sent by one of the ministers who watched Fenwick as follows: "Let Stay at home: if, if you will come, take any route but this. You will be sure to be taken."

—We have loads of Yankees stock here amounting to millions of gold dust, awaiting chance to escape from the Confederacy. Our merchants have suppressed their names, and have entered into a complete revolution; and every thing is done in the name of the wife, or some old servant, that is without suspicion.

It is a matter of surprise that Mr. Channing, who has been so long in the public eye, has not been larger. If he has on hand much stock of the same sort, he will be the death of somebody yet.

CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS.

By advices received at San Francisco from Cape City, New York, from Chagres, will arrived to the 8th of January, we learn that the emigrants for California are passing great hardships on the route on the route to Panama—at Panama they are compelled to remain from 10 to 15 days, and to procure a conveyance to Acapulco, a distance of 500 miles, which is a voyage. The advices next by one of the steamers from Panama to Acapulco, that the ship at Acapulco

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1850

CALIFORNIA.

There are all sorts of tales afloat about California, the extent of gold, &c. Some of these are not worth the copying in our paper, their untruthfulness is so manifest. The general character of them is ever more extravagant than that of the accounts heretofore published. We occasionally, however, see letters of a sober like the following:

Messrs. Surrage & Hawkins, gold assayers, &c., at 128 William street, have received a sample of what was supposed to be California gold, weighing twenty ounces—Troy weight, to be assayed. It was not affected by acids, but in the reducing process, dissolved, proved to be mixture of gold. The owner of the article purchased it at San Francisco, where he paid $7 per ounce for the merchandise. Messrs. S. & H. say they have received several specimens of the same gold mixed in the assay, but at yet they have received no gold. They are constantly receiving notice of parties ready to go to the gold region, and say they have concluded that they can mix gold mixed in New York city.

These articles are not always affected by nitric acid, some leads to the contrary notwithstanding.

We have seen specimens of ores of quartz from California resembling in appearance the brightest gold. They were so beautiful in the sight that we were not able to resist the temptation to purchase.

Iron pyrites, or what is sometimes called mock gold, can be detected in the following manner:—Take a lump of charcoal and place it on the coals, and then expose it to the blast of a blow pipe, from a spirit lamp, (a common lamp will answer very well,) and the heat not only sets free the sulphur, which can be detected by the smell, but immediately changes the mass which before looked like shining gold, to a dull, black, almost iron color.

Now, the above reads as if it might be as true as gospel—but the truth of it and other statements of the same kind, are, we believe, as yet unknown by some. It is said that a party of brokers, who are about to leave this city for the gold region, have become so much alarmed as to be annoyed by chemists, stating that they could convert lead into gold, and persuade the credulous in the papers. Between the varying statements, it is nearly impossible to get at the truth.

Some time ago it was reported that the state of California had applied to the mint to coin its gold, was entered on the authority of letters, that this was not to be done, and now we have it that the American Commissioner at the Sandwich Islands writes to his friends at Watertown, N. Y., under date of August 15th, as follows:

"I have visited the diggings, some forty miles in length and the American Minister to the Court at Sacramento. Almost every one is engaged, and all are getting out vast quantities of gold. Between $5 worth of gold dust, which I washed out myself in one hour's time at less than a dollar. Gold dust, of course, as a measure of what I myself have done is quite trifling. The whole country, and we will be lost for the morals of the country, and will have all the appearance of a farming or manufacturing country. I would not again go through what I have, for a million of money, and I would not return home to live on it for all the gold in the mountains. The trade of the country is terrible, and a man of commercial act of people I never yet saw. People are full of the idea that they can get rich in a day, and as soon as the news reaches foreign parts, the whole country will be deserted, and the city of Sacramento will be left to the wolves."

Yesterday, the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill in favor of ordering the price of the Public Lands on Lake Superior.

The bill was ordered to be engrossed, and was then passed, after speeches by Messrs. Thompson, Niehol son and others.

Mr. Thompson alluded to the slavery question. He compared the calmness of the people at home with the heat and ferocity of their representatives in Congress, and considered coolness and calmness the best evidence of the religious and moral state of the Union. Were California ten times richer in gold than she is, she would not exchange her weight in timber in the matter of the integrity of this Union. His perception was very impressive.

Mr. McKay, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill authorizing the coinage of gold dollars, which was read twice and referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. Dodge, from the Committee on the Judiciary Committee, to whom was referred the petition of Mr. Little, Clerk of the U. S. Court for the Northern District of New York, praying the removal of Chief Justice Conkling, of said Court, reported a resolution authorizing the Committee to send for persons and papers.

The subject was briefly discussed by Messrs Ingersoll, Ashmun and Conder, and was finally postponed.

After passing through sixty-six private bills the Senate adjourned over to Monday next.

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The French is not one bit more polished than our version. *Le mot vous* (never intrigue, pray) becomes *Le mot vous* (never intrigue, pray).

A Horrid Reformer.—Reformers are very good generally, at reforming everybody but themselves. They reform the laws, the city charter and almanacs, but they never reform their own faces.

Poverty.—Pleasants are liable to become poisonous when the ground where they feed has been enriched for a number of years. On such occasions they resort to the berries at the common sweet, or dog's parsley, (*Aethusa Cynapium*.) The noxious plant, (sleep often die from browning it,) and without killing the pleasant, imparts a poisonous quality to its flesh, only found it on such occasions.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Synopsis for the Saturday Evening Post from the 5th to the 9th January.

January 7, received from

S. Hazen	$10 00	Dr. Bell	10 00
Smith	2 00	W. Peet	10 00
J. Lockwood	1 00	J. Hall	10 00
J. Fahey	2 00	T. Carothers	10 00
J. Hall	10 00	J. Hall	10 00
Wm. Hall	10 00	Wm. Hall	10 00
N. D. Woodruff	1 00	Mrs. De Jarnette	1 00
N. D. Woodruff	1 00	Mrs. De Jarnette	1 00
W. P. Orr	2 00	J. Hall	10 00
W. P. Orr	2 00	J. Hall	10 00
E. J. Pringle	2 00	J. Hall	10 00
E. J. Pringle	2 00	J. Hall	10 00
E. F. Hollister	24 00		

January 8, received from

Mrs. M. Urion	4 00	Mrs. M. N. Ivner	4 00
Mrs. Urion	4 00	J. Fowler	1 00
W. W. C. Gardiner	1 00	J. Fowler	1 00
J. Hall	10 00	J. Fowler	1 00
J. S. Aitcheson	2 00	J. Fowler	1 00
J. Hall	10 00	J. Fowler	1 00
J. L. Hall	10 00	J. Fowler	1 00
J. Hall	10 00	J. Anderson	1 00
J. Hall	10 00	J. Fowler	1 00
H. B. Bowman	2 00	J. Fowler	1 00
H. Clark Jr.	2 00	W. Wilson	1 00
H. Clark Jr.	2 00	W. Wilson	1 00
T. P. Batchelder	1 00	W. Wilson	1 00
T. P. Batchelder	1 00	W. Wilson	1 00
W. Bowman	1 00	Dr. Hier	10 00
W. Bowman	1 00	Dr. Hier	10 00
W. Bowman	1 00	Dr. Hier	10 00
Wm. Hooks & Co.	2 00	Dr. Hier	10 00
		W. P. Pomeroy	50

January 11.

W. Hopkins	1 00	J. Allen	1 00
J. Allen	1 00	W. T. Lyster & Co.	4 00
W. Alexander	2 00	C. Schuler	10 00
J. Allen	1 00	J. Allen	1 00
Mr. Wm. Hooks	1 00	Mr. Alexander	2 00
Mr. Alexander	2

Selected Poetry.

THE WIFE'S COMPLAINT!

When women will, you tell me, John,
Has nearly well, depend on't,
And when she says she won't, she won't, eh? John!
She won't and there's the end on't.
I know it is my part, John,
Her will is to assail strongest,
Or when she's more determined, John,
She will hold out much longer.

You know your mind is fixed, John,
Don't you, Mr. Fixture?
To stay you, I vainly try, John,
To stop Niagara's flow.
I've smiled, stormed and begged, John,
What more, to stop your going?
But 'tis as light a task, John,
To stop the wind from blowing.

'Tis but a few years since, John,
You sought me for your bride;
Then for a weight of gold, John,
You'd not have left my side.
But now your brain is turned, John,
Your heart is growing cold—
You'll leave your wife, for what, John?
To dig for paltry gold!

For days you canter here canter, John,
You're growing pale and thin.
And are your dear—your best—I, John,
It's a week old on your shin!
See you where'er I will, John,
You've a paper in your hand—
Yes think, dream, read of nought, John,
But California Gold.

We've seven little children, John,
Once pleasure around our table;
With starving trade and store now, John,
To fill their mouths you're able.
We've a smiling little cot, too, John,
Almost in rural view and verse—
You'll leave them all to dig,
In California stone.

You say you'll leave us all, John,
To Providence alone
You'll trust to fill our mouths, John—
With bread when you're gone,
Be it so. I'll trust Him, too, John,
And turn my tears to laughter;
Who'll leave his wife for gold, John,
Is not worth crying after.

Selected Articles.

WILLIAM PENN.

[A short paragraph from Macaulay's History of England is going throughout of the press, which is calculated to produce a new era in Mr. Macaulay's opinion of the founder of Pennsylvania. The following passage will enable the reader to see that he historian's opinion of Penn is not altogether favorable. In reference to the character brought by Mr. Macaulay upon Penn, we shall endeavor to find room hereafter for many something in our editorial columns.—Editor Saturday Morning Post.]

CHARACTER OF PENN.

The Quakers had a powerful and zealous advocate at court. Though, as a class, they united into the world, they had in their practice as a present dangerous to their spiritual interests, some of them, widely distinguished from the rest by station and fortune, lived in the highest circles, and had constant access to the royal ear. This was the celebrated William Penn. His father had held great naval commands, had been a favorite and friend of the Admiralty, had sat in Parliament, had received the honor of knighthood, and had been accustomed to expect a great deal. The son had been liberally educated, and had been designed for the profession of arms, but, while still very young, joined his prosperous and disgraced his friends by joining what was then generally considered as a gang of crazy fanatics. He had been sent sometimes to the Tower, and sometimes to Newgate. He had been tried at the Old Bailey for preaching in defiance of the law. After a time, however, he had been reconciled to his family, and had succeeded in obtaining such powerful protection, that, while all the jails of England were filled with his brethren, he was permitted, during many years, to profess his opinions without molestation. Towards the close of the late reign he had obtained, in satisfaction of an old debt due to him from the crown, the grant of an immense region in North America. In this tract, then peopled only by Indian hunters, he intended his persecuted friends to settle. He colony was still in its infancy when James ascended the throne.

Between James and Penn there had long been a familiar acquaintance. The Quaker now became a courtier, and almost a favorite. He was every day summoned from the gallery into the closet, and sometimes had long audiences while peers were kept waiting in the ante-chambers. It was noised about that he had more real power to help and hurt that many nobles who filled high offices. He was seen surrounded by Sachems and sagamores. His house in Spring Garden was constantly thronged, at his hour of rising, by more than two hundred suitors. He paid dear, however, for this seeming greatness. Ever since he was sent locked coolly on him, and required his services with alacrity. He was tardily accused of being a Papist, and, indeed, Some Romish rites that he had been educated at St. Omer's, and where that he had been converted by Jesuits. These calumnies, indeed, could find credit only with the undiscerning multitude; but with those calumnies were mingled accusations much better founded.

To speak with entire truth concerning Penn is a task which requires some courage, for he is a rather a mythical than a historical person. Rival nations and hostile sects have agreed in canonizing him. England is proud of his name. A great colonial empire has grown up around regards him with a reverence similar to that which the Athenians felt for Theseus, and the Romans for Numitor. The respectable society of which he was a member honors him as an apostle. By pious writers of another persuasion he is generally regarded as a bright pattern of Christian virtue. Meanwhile, admirers of a very different sort have sometimes arisen.—The French philosophers of the eighteenth century pardoned what they regarded as his superstitious fancies in consideration of his contempt for priests, and of his cosmopolitan benevolence, singularly extended in an age of hate and all creeds. His name has thus become, throughout all civilized countries, a synonym for probity and philanthropy.

Nor is that high reputation altogether unmerited. Penn was evidently dealt a man of eminent virtues. He had a strong sense of religious duty and a fervent desire to promote the happiness of mankind. On none of the points of high importance he had customs more correct than the rest of his day; consequently among men of enlarged mind; and, as the proprietor and legislator of a province which, being entirely uninhabited when he received his possession, afforded a clear field for moral experiments, he had the rare good fortune of being able to apply his maxims into practice without any compromise, and yet without any violent revolution. Personally brave, he maintained with honor as a founder of a colony, who did not, in his dealings with a savage people, abuse the superiority derived from civilization, and as a law-giver who, in an age of persecution, made religious liberty the basis of his institutions and his fame. Almost all the great things and his life formed abundant proofs that he was not a man of strong sense. He had no skill in reading the characters of others. His confidence in persons less virtuous than himself led him into great embarrassment and loss. His enthusiasm for one great principle sometimes impelled him to violate other great principles which he ought to have held sacred. Nor was integrity altogether proof against the temptations to which it was exposed in that splendid and polite, but deeply corrupt society with which he now mingled. The whole court was a fermentation of intrigue, of calumny and intrigues of ambition. The traffic in honors, places, and pardons was incessant.—It was natural that a man who was daily seen at the palaces, and who was known to have free access to majesty, should be supposed to be intended to use his influence for purposes which a rigid morality would condemn.

Of the integrity of Penn had stood firm against bribery and persecution; but now, attacked by royal smiles, by female blandishments, and by the insinuating eloquence and delicate flattery of veteran diplomatists and courtiers, his resolution began to give way. Votes and pecuniary against which he had often borne his testimony dropped unconsciously from his lips and his pen. It would be well if he had been guilty of nothing worse than such complaisance with the fashions of the world. Unhappily, it cannot be concealed that he bore a chief part in some transactions condemned, not merely by the rigid code of the ancient sect of which he was now but by the general sense of all honest men.—He afterwards solemnly protested that his hands were pure from illicit gain, and that he had never received any gratuity from those whom he had obliged, though he might easily, while his influence at court lasted, have made a hundred and twenty thousand pounds. To that assertion full credit is due. But bribes may be offered to enmity, and said it is impossible to deny that Penn was cajoled into bearing a part in some unjustifiable transactions of which others enjoyed the profits.

THE LOST TRIBES.

We find in the New York Messenger of Sunday last, an interesting article from Major Noah, in which he expresses the opinion that the "ten lost tribes" of Israel were the originators of the cities whose ruins now strew Mexico and Central America. He arrives at this conclusion from a variety of circumstances, and especially from the fact that all our tribes of Indians, bearing the strongest marks of Asiatic origin, are identified with the Israelites in their religious belief.

The Phœnicians (Canaanites) had discovered the continent five hundred years previous to the migration of the Israelites, and when it was assumed, the builders of the Pyramids of Mexico and Central America, and of Palenque, Chalula, Tezcuco, Otumba, Cholula, and other cities, of which the ruins now excite our astonishment; and also the introducers of hieroglyphics, planetary cycles, and calendars, military roads, viaducts, and bridges from Egypt, Tyre, Babylon, and Carthage. In the apocryphal book of Esdras, of great antiquity, it is said

"Whereas, then answer another peaceable multitude: these are the ten tribes, which were carried away prisoners out of their own land, in the time of Osea, whom Salmanzar, King of Assyria, led away captive, and he carried them over the waters, so they came into another land.

"They took this counsel among themselves, that they would leave the multitude of the heathen, and go into a farther country, where-in never mankind dwelt; that they might there keep their statutes, which they never kept in their own land, (Assyria,) and there was a great way to go, namely, a year and a half.

According to Major Noah's theory, they marched towards the Northeast coast of Asia —some remained in Tartary, and many went into China, where they have been science from God years, and are numerous at this day. The main body crossed at Behring's Straits to our continent, the same lands keeping to the North, Hudson's Bay and Greenland; the more cultivated passed down on the shores of the Pacific, through California to Mexico, Central America, and Peru, where they met their ancient enemies the Canaanites (Phœnicians) who, as we have before, they conquered of the country. Furthermore it is contended that they resided in California when the ships of Solomon made their three years voyage, and furnished the gold of Ophir to build the temple. It is also that the Arc and the Ark, the priestess of Mexico, Peru, and the whole American continent, and have been from creation before the advent of Christianity, and patiently await the promises of redemption.

William Penn, in a letter to one of our Indians, said:—"I found them with like countenance to the Hebrew race. I consider these people under a dark night, yet they believe in God and in immortality, without the aid of metaphysics. They reckon by moons, and have their first ripe fruits—they have a kind of feast of tabernacles—they are said to lay their young men upon beds when they are dead, and—observe the Mosaic law with regard to separation."

AN INTERESTING GEOLOGICAL FACT.—Professor Agassiz has been delivering a course of lectures in Boston, on the Trees of North America. In the last lecture he made a most remarkable fact in connection with his remarks upon the family of the rose, which includes among the cultivated varieties, the pear. He said beautiful flowers which are known, but also the cultivated fruits, such as the apple, pear, peach, plum, apricot, cherry, strawberry, raspberry, blackberry, &c.—viz: that no fossils belonging to this family have ever been discovered in the strata! This is regarded as conclusive evidence that the creation of the family of plants on earth, was coeval with, or subsequent to the creation of man.

Wit and Humor.

THE PATENT RAG CHEWER.

In a village not many hundred miles from Boston, there resides a worthy man, who, for which attracts no small share of attention. Whether he chews rags for a livelihood, or for all are of course anxious to see the process of converting old rags into paper. It sometimes happens that a stranger passes through the village, and, hearing of the wonderful operation among their number some of those true-hearted old blades of fellowship like to know something of cause as well as effect, which may be illustrated by the following dialogue:

"I say, stranger, how do you get them ere rags fine enough for making paper?"

"Why, we employ people to chew them, sir," replied the paper man.

"Yes, to chew them, do you say?"

"Yes, to chew them, to be sure—did you not know? Why, I thought everybody knew that."

"I am, sir, a warm friend of his Majesty's Government (for the time being), and cannot but deeply feel that even my political views are misrepresented, and my character suffered to be expected from recent measures in Ireland, I had encouraged the hope, because of the war, that I should meet with no more of 'pillage, and reaped into all the ultra-Tory papers; and that the pole should not upon himself the form of a pretzel.

"Why, I should think it all smash up and swallow it, before you could tell what time the sun rose by Elder Adams's sundial."

He set to work like a juvenile steam engine, his lusty jaws and the rags in quick succession, the dust flying, but desperately mixed on carting good long wages, though the inter-ference of his jaws with his tongue was somewhat of a hinderance to the latter. The owner of a bengal tiger, and spent nearly of a tender cause, the martyr to the progress of science continued his wonderful bequid operation, in his own mind, how many hands, or rather how much of the teeth, it would take the chewing of that "intention big mill." But it was in vain that the hungry jaws wagged and the teeth ground, the question was not solved. "Say, mister, how many hands does it take to chew rags did not seem to grow very fast; and to the question of the curious visitor, "Why, sir, I never chew up another blanket, farther I do?"

"What!" exclaimed the employer, with a sense, and no more chewing for you, if you've got chewed up! And wot, sir, by thunder! Get out of this—you'll never do for the business in the world. There's a blanket mined in all eternity, too; for you've wot every sensible, and how can we make the paper out of rags? Come, more yourself in a hurry!"

The victim did not await a second invitation, but went off in all speed for fear he should be called upon to pay for the blanket. fully determined hereafter to stick to his lawful business, and let paper mills alone.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

[The following *jeu d'esprit* from the pen of Theodore Hook is reviewed from the pages of the John Bull newspaper, among other clever things in the "Life and Remains" of the great wit, immediately forthcoming:—]

Sir,—We hear a great deal of the licentiousness of the press, and I am not disposed to say that there may not be some good grounds for the complaint; but I beg to assert that, in my own knowledge, much of it arises from the account of licentiousness, which is, in truth, only attributable to the errors of the press; and I have had the misfortune to be a most active of the most innocent information, from my own pen, carried to the public with the foulest of libels, by the mere mistake of a single letter.

For instance, I had occasion to report that a certain "noble lord was confined to his house with a violent cold in the head;" I found that this innocence piece of intelligence was metamorphosed into a direct in-road on the person of a noble family, by the omission of a lordship as being "confined with a violent cold in the head." In the course of the evening a recent entertainment given by a noble leader of fashion, I had said, very truly, "that, amidst the splendor of the first pearls of admiration and admiration were her ladyship's locks;" this deserved compliment was changed by the printer into a satire on the whole company in one of the chief point of attraction had been "her ladyship's cranks." In the account of the regatta at Cowes, I was made to represent a lady of fashion as having formed a tasty and ill-assorted wreath "with a lady's finger, in fact, I had only said that the Lady Louisa had, indeed, been adrift, and that the Admiral's son my mischief was done, been made fast to a buoy."

When I reported that "Lord A. had entertained Colonel R., Major C., the Hon. Mr. D., and a few other friends at dinner," it was stated, main body crossed at Behring's Straits to our continent, the same lands keeping to the North, Hudson's Bay and Greenland; the more cultivated passed down on the shores of the Pacific, through California to Mexico, Central America, and Peru, where they met their ancient enemies the Canaanites (Phœnicians) who, as we have before, they conquered of the country. Furthermore it is contended that they resided in California when the ships of Solomon made their three years voyage, and furnished the gold of Ophir to build the temple. It is also that the Arc and the Ark, the priestess of Mexico, Peru, and the whole American continent, and have been from creation before the advent of Christianity, and patiently await the promises of redemption.

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Our Picture Gallery.

BIRTH-PLACE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Woolsthorpe manor-house, the birth-place of Sir Isaac Newton, is situated in a little valley 20 miles to the south of Grantham, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, at the distance of about one hundred and two miles from London. The building itself presents nothing to attract attention; but as the house in which one of the best men and one of the greatest philosophers of modern times first saw the light, it will be viewed with affectionate reverence by all who esteem high principle and true intellectual merit.

It is pleasant to know that the vast and penetrating mind which could sketch out a work as the "Principia" was once an inhabitant of an ordinary dwelling. It is pleasant to know that the author of such a theory as that of gravitation, in its great work, was in dependent circumstances, was a mere man with all the cravings and affections of mortality; although there is something grand and majestic in the conceptions embodied in the "Principia," we can imagine they could only be the productions of a spirit-like being, an immortal and unerring mind! Yet, though we cannot but feel that while the man was alive he could be so enriched shall endure, there was nothing in his personal appearance or mode of life to distinguish him from his fellow-men with minds too small to compass his ideas of the universe, and to measure its magnitude. Yes, the immortal Newton lived like other men—he ate, and drank, and slept. His dwelling house was a cottage; his observatory an ordinary garden; and here in the solitude of Woolsthorpe did he contemplate the glorious works of the Creator, and imagine the means by which the harmony of the universe is maintained.

The genius of Newton is now acknowledged by the whole scientific world; modern discoveries have added to the improved many ideas which imperfectly known in the days of Newton, and much has been effected in clearing the obscurity which existed in the study to which he directed his principal attention; but not all the efforts of modern philosophers, as well as those of each of all others ages, have been sufficient to darken the fame of Newton, or to lessen the force of his discoveries. Those works in which he owns the admiration of posterity as well as of his contemporaries, and is sufficiently high to show that we may appreciate with any particular mention of them. Our readers, we could only give a short and general account of what would require to be treated at considerable length, and respecting which there are many about which we may refer for information.

The private habits of this great man, as of many others, are not so generally known; we shall therefore present so much information on this head as we have been able to collect, although the most trifling particulars in the life of a celebrated character are of interest to his fellow-men, and especially to those of the same profession, and were conceived, and the demonstration of them considerably advanced in the garden of his native home.

In 1665, he left Cambridge for a short time on account of the plague, which at that year committed such ravages in all the great towns and cities throughout Europe, and returned to his native village, where he resided until a very late period, and even then, only at the persuasions of his friends, and against the bent of his own desire. It is remarkable that nearly all the theories and opinions which have since been established as undeniable truths in science were made public at this period